

The Historie of

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Heere comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I wil speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all these veines,
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

Hot. He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

Henry

And on my face he turn'd a
Trembling euen at the nam

Wor. I cannot blame him
By *Richard* that dead is, the

Nor. He was; I heard the
And then it was, when the v
(Whose wrongs in vs God p
Vpon his *Irish* expedition;
From whence he intercepte
To be depos'd and shortly in

Wor. And for whose death
Liue scandaliz'd and foulie

Hot. But soft I pray you,
Proclaime my brother *Mor*
Heire to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did

Hot. Nay then I cannot b
That wisht him on the barre
But shall it be that you that
Vpon the head of this forge
And for his sake weare the d
Of murtherous subornation
That you a world of curses v
Being the agents, or base sec
The cords, the ladder, or the
O pardon if that I descend so
To shew the line and the pre
Wherein you range vnder r
Shall it for shame be spoken
Or fill vp Cronicles in time
That men of your nobility a
Did gage them both in an v
(As both of you God pardo
To put downe *Richard* that f
And plant this thorne, this
And shall it in more shame b
That you are fool'd, discard
By him, for whom these shan